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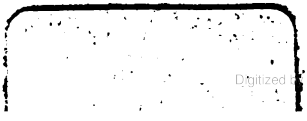
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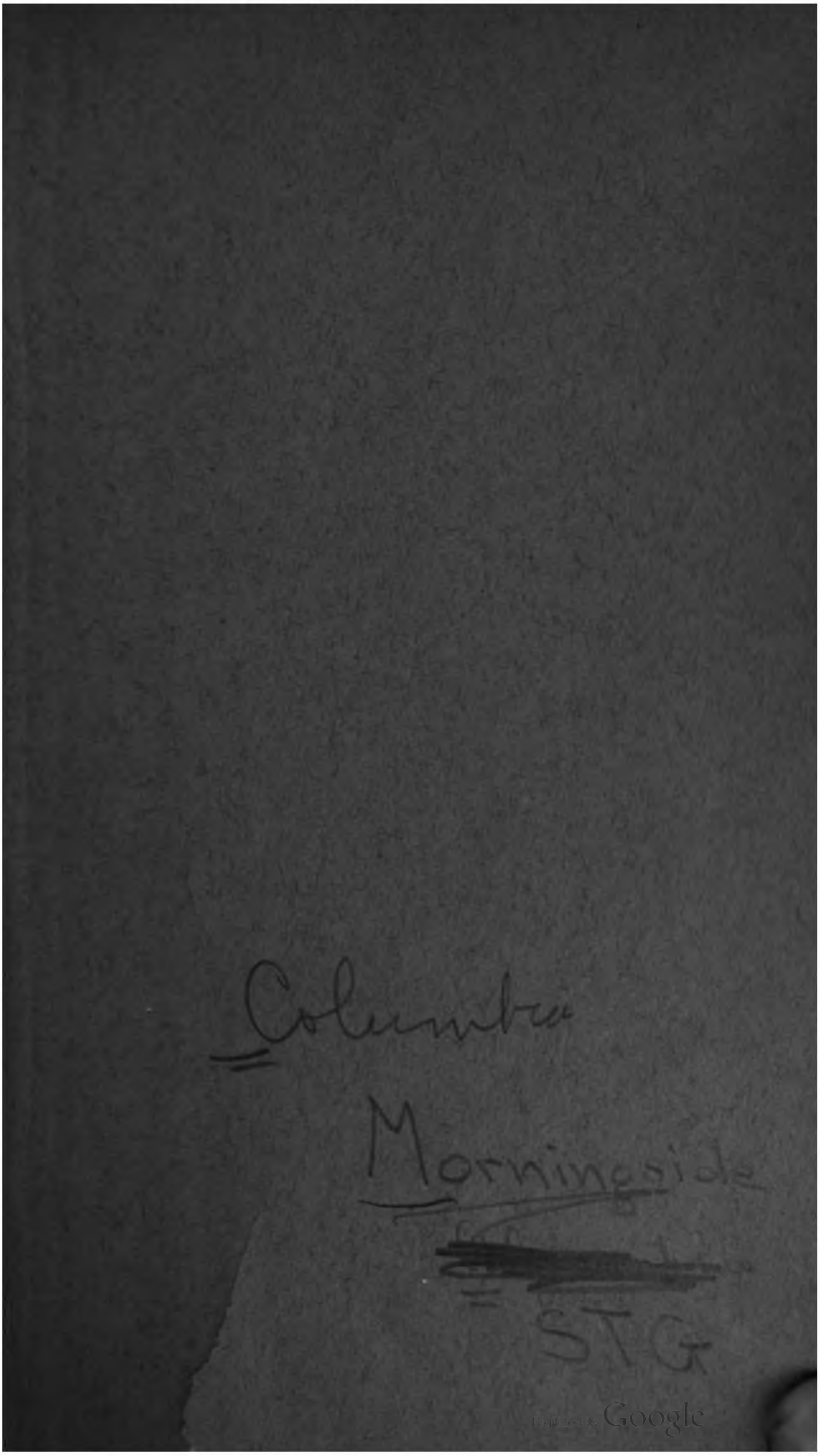

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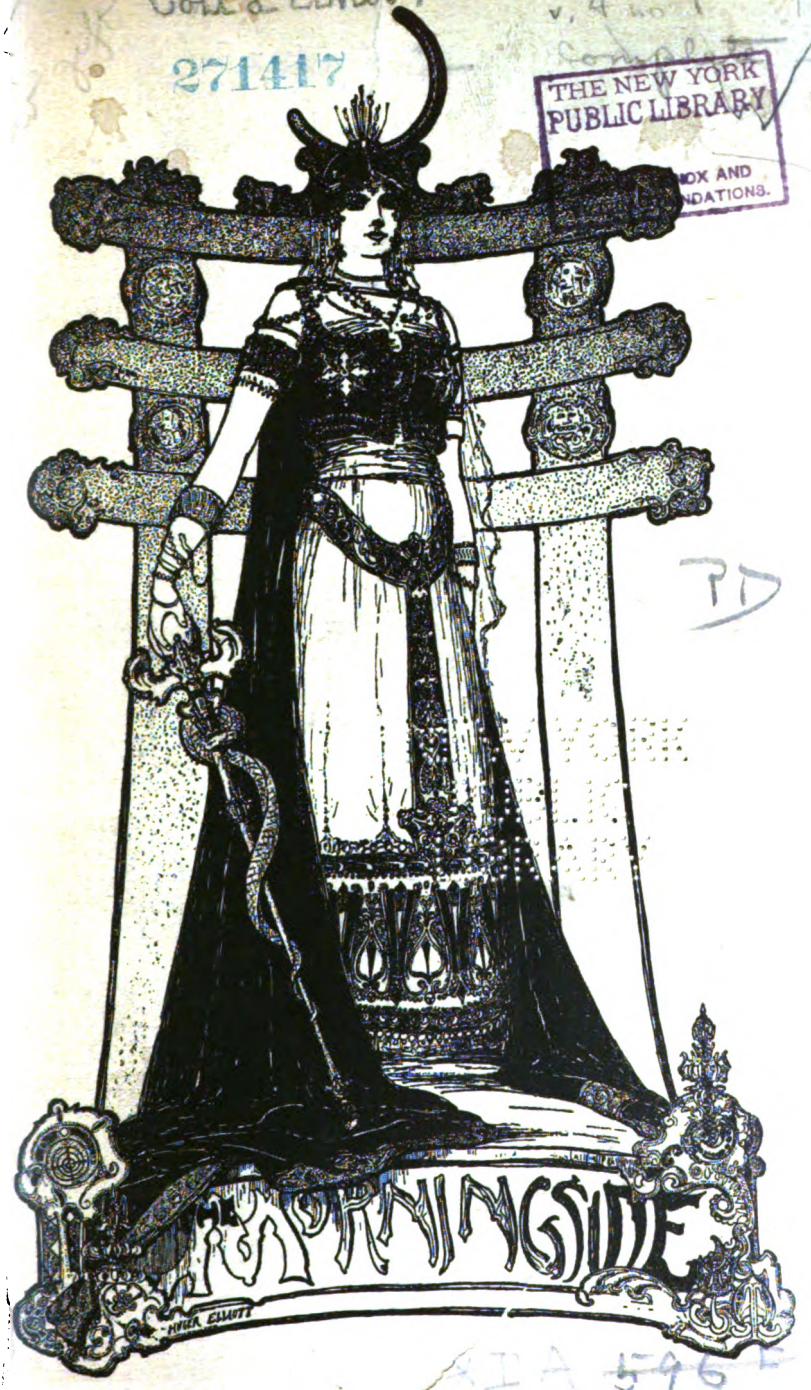

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Clipping

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When the Shadows Homeward Fly

'Tis the time when shadows fold
Round each whispering mountain peak;
Rock the leaves in murmur low,
Bidding each his night-harp seek,
Thus to tune the wood-bird's cry
When the shadows homeward fly.

Far from yonder purple range
Strike the couriers of the night;
Dims the rose and golden West,
Darkness blushes o'er the light,
And the shadows twined in one
Whisper of the day that's done.

One had filled a tressaled cave
Where the sea-shell's voice remained;
One had kissed a sleeping nymph,
Laughed to see the twilight blamed;
Each in turn his message brings,
Home on mystic shadow wings.

Soft they brush the twilight by,
Steal into the woodland deep,
Wake a thousand elfin harps,
Woo the nestling birds to sleep;
For they love the lullaby
When the shadows homeward fly.

A. R. Allen

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On the Book Shelf

I WAS weary with long reading and as I lay back in my chair in the shadows of the library and, half unconscious, stared emptily at the old, battered book, whose dark, moth-eaten sides were mellowed by the light of the lamp that suffused it, the old volume seemed to take on life of a sudden, and gently stirring its yellow leaves, it began to sigh out its story in the garrulous, quavering way that is characteristic of men and of things that are old.

"He who gave me birth," it began, "before he brought me forth into the world, bore me within him for the space of a human life. He was a potter, and, dreaming over his turning wheel in those old days of the fifteenth century, when men still had time to think, he shaped me in his mind even as he formed the pot of clay; but he gave to the inner work a passionate love and an intensity of feeling that common clay could never awaken. Thirty years of unceasing meditation on life and on the world brought him, as he thought, light, and he rose from his wheel to preach to men the truth he had to tell. It was ten years more before incessant labor and privation could secure him the means of putting down in printed words,

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for all men to read, what he had with such great labor woven out of his thoughts; so that when his feverish hand grasped the first copy, damp from the printing press, there was in it not only the brain and the soul, but, indeed, the life-blood and sinew of the man. When the flock of his spiritual children were all gathered around him, the Church pounced down at midnight upon his retreat, threw the man into the dungeon, and gave the books to the flames. Scarcely did I and two of my brethren, by some miracle, escape the common fate. The man died in prison. The books were lost to the world, which, nevertheless, went on its way caring naught it seemed for the wondrous truth it had been so near to learn, nor for the memory of him who declared it.

II.

"'Wake,' I thought I heard a voice say, and I started into life. How long I had been sleeping I knew not, but surely it must have been during centuries, for, without having consciously lived, I felt old and weak. There were pains gnawing at my heart, there were curvatures in my back, and my leaves hung together as a man and a woman remain united when all attraction of love is gone, but whom simply the dreary force of old association and inertia keep together. For want of air I had to gasp short and hard, for there was neither breathing space nor room for motion on the narrow shelf where I stood. On either side I was closely pressed by huge folios of dingy brown, that towered above me and glanced disdainfully down as huge battlements on the warder's cottage at their foot. Disdainfully, I thought; but I found soon that there was more of reverence and awful respect in their glance than contempt; for, truly, in a day or two it was revealed to me that these were all Commentaries on me. I had been dis-

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covered a hundred years before and given to the world, which, with one accord, rose up and called my maker blessed. It seemed that I taught a gospel that was pure and holy, and yet within the power of men to reach. I had given life to millions of men; I was the inspirer of thousands of tomes. These huge masses of print about me were but humble expounders of the teachings contained in the two hundred small pages of my body. Though most of them missed my teaching entirely; though all of them were full of the grossest follies, they nevertheless looked upon me as their lord, and bowed reverently before me. 'Master,' they said, 'over everything you see about you, you hold control; you gave us life, and we are here to serve you; your will be done.' I sighed wearily as I felt the weight of years on my back, and the ague in my old and aching bones. My young life had been allowed to run out its pleasureless existence. I was offered everything when I could enjoy nothing. I looked around despairingly, sick at heart, musing at all these volumes that stood subserviently around me, turning from one to another, and wondering what use I could now have of them. And as I turned I caught sight of a small volume on the opposite shelf, and stopped still. 'Who is that?' I asked.

III.

"She stood there dainty as a meadow flower, dressed in her cream and blue. Prim and serene she stood, fully conscious of looking her best in that pretty new dress of hers. Sprigs of gold leaves ran over both of the covers, and the back was white, with bars of gold across it, and the writer's name peeping modestly out at the top. She was fresh from the hand of the printer, and full of the joy of life. A subtle perfume emanated from her, that intoxicated my poor, feeble old

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senses. She beamed forth from where she stood, and cast a radiance, a glow of health and vitality, about her. I forgot the rows of my dull companions ; I forgot the pains of my body, and the weariness of my soul ; I forgot my unexpressed wish to die ; I wanted to live. Day and month I stood and gazed at her, and saw nothing but her, and there was but one prayer in my heart, Life, Life, Life; life, and a way across that cruel gulf between.

IV.

" Boy, with stupid mind and untidy face, whose erring hands, in cleaning the dust away one day, removed me from my ancient place and put me away blindly, not noticing where, may blessings light upon thy head, and those future generations that shall trace their rise to thee ; for thou wert the humble instrument of fate to grant that which I so long prayed for, and which gave me the only happiness of my life. How shall I tell my feelings when first I found myself by her side. Speak, of course, I could not ; but even in silence I could hardly refrain from giving vent to my feelings as the powerful passion swayed my leaves to and fro. She regarded me with perfect composure, with that feeling of absolute and necessary superiority that every young girl has for the philosopher of sixty; and it was she that first broke the silence in greeting me. Foolish old dotard, who trembled as she spoke. As I see it now, her words were neither wise nor lofty; they were rather childish, and often I think I can trace in them a spirit of half mockery, half kindly indulgence. I spoke in return, and as I spoke the strength of youth rose in me ; my words became winged fire ; my thoughts soared to their loftiest. I laid at her feet the wisdom, the passion of the life of him who had made me. At first she was interested, I thought;

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she listened so quietly, so absorbedly. But as I looked down again I saw that she was bored, and that her attention was wandering; and a few minutes later I saw her staring very closely and breathlessly at a straight, strong young volume in red and white that held his place with many airy graces on the other side of her. The flow of my eloquence was frozen, and I remained mute, motionless. Sudden despair followed my great exultation, and my spirit groaned heavily within me. 'Oh, silly young butterfly,' I mused, reproachfully; and in greater anger, 'Oh, gray-headed old fool.'

V.

"I cannot tell you the suffering that were mine in the time that followed, for the intensest suffering by reason of its exquisite agony becomes a holy thing and not to be profaned by mortal lips. But conceive, if you can, the unexpressed love of those hundred years pent up within my heart, just ready to burst out in a sudden overflow, and as suddenly checked. Long I thought that I could not survive the storm of passion that raged within me; soon, however, the violence of the storm spent itself and I began to find rest. And further to crush out my rebellious feelings, I forced myself to look upon my beloved as she, day by day, gave way to the assiduous courtesy of my young and handsome rival. Indeed, I learned to derive a sort of bitter pleasure in watching their communion, and as I saw her lean her head against his side and coo responsive to his healthy idiocies, whom my burning soul and fervid words could not move, I was comforted by the thought that mine was not a fate cruel beyond the ordinary, but that my life was only an objective embodiment of the eternal crookedness of things.

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VI.

"If by love is meant that passion which moves man to sublime egoism, which throws him into alternate fits of hot and cold and gives him no rest, since rest is not wanted, then love within me died out. But its place was taken by a feeling of infinite pity, nobler far than selfish love, since it embraced the whole world about me. My heart yearned over the innocent pair, so sweet in their youth, their strength and their simplicity. The perfect calm which succeeded the surging storm in my breast enabled me to embrace them, mentally, in my arms with an overwhelming sympathy. I began to watch the daily course of their love; its mutations and varying intensities interested me; I would have been glad to spend my life watching them; their fate became the absorbing theme of my thought. To do something for them, to insure them a moment's happiness, if it might be, this would I gladly do, for this would I gladly suffer pain. Would the opportunity come?

VII.

" 'Tom,' said the bookseller, 'that top shelf is getting too crowded. The covers of the books will be fretted off a good deal. Run up and pull out that red volume and put it into the window. Mark it down to half price.' I saw the young volume try to assume a manly look, but fail and tremble. She, sobbing and dissolved into tears, threw herself upon him in helpless terror. What was to be done? A moment's thought, and then with a silent prayer I cast myself down from the shelf straight at the bookseller's bald pate, and reached the mark. 'Damn it, what is this?' he said, in anger, I thought.

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Then, 'Hullo, Tom, you young ass, how did this Aldens get up there among the new books?'

"'Dunno, Sir, must have gotten mixed up there.'

"'Well, if you let that happen again, I'll mix you. Never mind running up for that other book, there's plenty of room there now.'"

S. S.

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Winter-Song for Pan

See how a king can slumber on his throne—
Pan sleeps within the forest! There I heard
Him piping once, there once I heard him shame
The wild bird with his note, but now he sleeps,
Wrapped in the ragged drifting of the snow,
Half-naked to the wind, and by his side
The magic pipes, long fallen from weary hand.

God of the drowsy noon, awake! awake!
Pipe me a summer tone once more, and pipe
Thy godhead back again! Hast thou forgot
The finger tips a-tingle on the pipes,
The musing tone a-tremble on the lips,
The sweets divinely breathed, the summer sweets?
Hast thou forgot the noon-day peace, the touch
Of forest-greenness resting on the world,
The hollow water-tinkle of the brooks,
The startled drone of some low-circling bee?
Once thou didst love the heat, the hushed bird-song,
The rich half-silence, fallen on the ear,
Like brooding ocean-whispers on the sands.
It is full-silence now; all bird and bee
Are silent; crystal-frozen brooks are hushed
And wind mute silver through the land, like veins
In quarried stone; the forest voice is gone—
Hearken the withered crackle of the leaf
Whose sigh of old was beautiful! The pipes
Of Pan are stopped with icicles, when once
Breath of a god made music. Foolish god!
Thy finger-tips can tingle now with cold,
And only frost be trembling on thy lips.

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Thou art but half a god, and see, the cold
Hath gnawed away thy half-divinity,
And made thee seem half-beast. The mocking chill
Of winter parodies all human grief
In thee ; those bitter ice-drops on thy cheek—
Was ever human tear so hard and cruel ?
Age cannot touch the gods, but see, the snow
Hath crowned thee whiter than a thousand years !
All this is for thy sleep ! Awake, O Pan !
Breathe on thy pipes again, O pipe me back
One summer day, and be the god of old !
Wake bird and leaf to sighing and to song,
Loose me the brook, and rouse the droning bee,
Pipe down the noon-day peace, the healing touch
Of forest-greenness resting on the world ;
And come thou to thy kingdom back, and pipe,
With mellow pipings answer me, who now
Must wake and tune for thee my weaker song,
But at thy waking thou shalt answer me ;
And bird and leaf and brook and drowsy noon
Shall meet the wild bee's droning in thy song,
Shall close me in with sweets, shall bear me down
With ecstasy of summer sweets, until
At lazy length, as on a summer's day,
I lose myself in thee, and dream, dream, dream.

John Erskine

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A Ryghte Merrie Yuletyde Tale

IT was Christmas Eve. The wind told the glad tidings to the fir-trees and they sang it out merrily to the world. It was writ on the face of every one who stirred on the snow-clad highway: monks there were, with mouths watering in the prospect of juicy capon and ale to wash it down; maidens dreaming of the mistletoe and lusty lovers; children, villeins, and sturdy yeomen, all were merry.

Yet there was one on the highway, who, jogging slowly along on a mangey mule, took no part in the general joy. It was old Abram, the Jew. What cared he for Christmas? Much more to his liking was a hard bargain or usurious profit. Still he was not unhappy; for about his person was concealed a fat purse, the fruits of dealings with a helpless spendthrift. Unheeding the sour glances cast at him, he rode along, stroking his goat-like beard, and mumbling strange, ill-sounding words.

Suddenly was heard the clank of arms. A band of retainers galloped along, sending up clouds of powdery snow around them. Without much ado, they came upon Abram, surrounded him, and willy-nilly they started to bear him off. Thereat smiled every one that saw the deed, for each one

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knew the retainers' arms, and wotted well what use their master, Hinde de Porque, would have for this black sheep. Abram knew them, too, and trembled, but he had no power to resist. So quickly was it all done, that ere the glibbest monk could have said his pater noster o'er, nought was seen of the retainers and their prisoner but a snow-veiled speck in the distance.

Hinde de Porque paced the great hall of his castle with much impatience. It was but an hour since he had dispatched his retainers, yet to him it seemed long years. "Perchance they can find no one," he muttered. "Nay, they must, they must, e'en though they have to drag some damnèd usurer from the jaws of hell. What would all the country say, were it noised abroad that men came to Hinde de Porque on Yuletide, and returned with empty bellies? Verily, the men of the Lord have said that because of my crusading, wherein I spent all my substance, my soul is rich in the hope of salvation; yet a small and distant comfort that, to one who on Christmas looks into his coffers and findeth them empty. But will they never return?"

This question he repeated several times, stamping with impatience. The rattling of arms made sudden answer, and in marched the retainers with the quaking Abram in their midst. Hinde de Porque's heart beat for joy; to him this hook-nosed, bearded Jew was a veritable angel, Heaven-sent.

Losing no time, his lordship said right gently: "Sweet Abram, we have need of monies for the Yuletide merriment." "Nay, I am but poor, and have nought to give." Then 'gan his lordship's brow to cloud, but still smiling. "Jew, take heed!" he said. "Thou wottest those sheep that take kindly to the shears suffer nought; but those that rebel suffer great pain in parting with their wool." But, cajole or

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threaten as the knight would, he could get nought but whining from the Jew. "Then off with the dog! Wrench me out a few of his fangs. Search him well, and bring me aught you find about him."

In a while Abram left the castle with bleeding mouth, poorer by four grinders and all his gold.

Right joyous were Hinde de Porque's Yuletide festivities. Knights and damsels had gathered to the castle from far and wide to enjoy his famed hospitality. Also his own vassals rejoiced in his generosity. The hall floated with silken banners and all manner of rich cloth. In the hearth blazed and crackled the yule log, and the air was filled with the gurgle of flowing ale. Nor was the mistletoe wanting; many were the sly embracements it looked down upon, and the smacks of stolen kisses it heard.

At the board, midst the eating and drinking, his lordship said of a sudden: "Ye all wot how much we owe to the kindness of Abrám, the Jew. As reward for his passing merit, I have dispatched him a Christmas gift." Then he smiled, and all marvelled.

But a sorry day was Christmas for Abram, the Jew. Alone in his bare dwelling he sat, nursing his mangled jaw, groaning and weeping for the greatness of his pain, and still more for the loss of his gold. The distant chiming of Church-bells smote his ears and filled him with anger. "Curse them and their Christmas," said Abram, "and threefold curses be on the head of Hinde de Porque that hath robbed me of my gold." Then, but for constant moaning, he was silent. Thus he remained for many hours.

At noontide there was a loud knocking at the door, and, unbid, a man entered. Abram grew pale and trembled in every limb, for he recognized one of Hinde de Porque's re-

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tainers. But the man did naught but place an iron box on the floor, and then, silently, he departed.

Abram looked at the box, and on it he beheld this legend: "A Yuletide Greeting. Hinde de Porque returneth to Abram the Jew what he hath taken from him." Thereat jumped Abram's heart for joy, and all pain seemed suddenly to leave him. "Ah, my gold, my gold! Hinde de Porque hath relented and returned me my gold."

Then, quickly, he fell on his knees before the box, and with trembling fingers set at work to wrench off the lid. It came off with great difficulty. At last it was opened.

There, in the bottom of the box, gleaming in the sunlight, lay—Abram's four grinders.

H. F. S.

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COMMENTS

THE final adoption of a new system of athletic management at Columbia is not merely a step in advance, but the move marks, really, the entrance upon another epoch in Columbia sport. The new Athletic Association takes into its hands all the reins of sport, so that hereafter the chariot, Columbia, will be firmly guided in the arena and will no longer suffer from a multiplicity of drivers wrangling over the ribbons. Surely the courses will now run better. But it needs more than a fine new system of direction to place the Blue and White at the very front and keep it there. It needs a general unselfishness, frequent sacrifice of personal applause, and the long steady toil, not for the glorification of a particular individual or crowd, but, ever and always, for Columbia. May such be the new spirit.

Mr. Albert Gallatin has been elected to the Board of Editors.

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Karl's Christmas Eve

KARL Stolzmann stood at the corner of Broome and Mott Streets about seven o'clock on Christmas Eve, peering into the window of Goldstein's grocery store. One of his hands fondly caressed a roll of bills in his trousers' pocket and the other stroked his stubby chin reflectively as he gazed at the stacks of Christmas trees inside. Then a look of determination flashed across his face and the thinly-clad figure disappeared within the door. When he came out, he carried a huge tree over one shoulder.

Continuing east to the Bowery, Stolzmann stopped at several stores and purchased toy-drums, trumpets, trinkets, candles, candy, and all the tinsel and spangles for the decoration of a tree. Then, his purchases made, he turned off into Baxter Street which at that time of the evening was crowded. Boys and girls shouted at the man so laden down, and the bolder even tried to steal some of the pretty things that he half carried, half drew, along. But when they discovered that "Dutchy" Karl, as they called him, was the man hidden within this mass of evergreen and packages, they desisted, for Karl Stolzmann had quite a reputation in the district. He

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presented the anomaly of a gentleman and a loafer. The common people looked upon him with a kind of deference. They said that he was of good birth and had fled the Fatherland on account of some trouble with a girl. Ten years ago he had drifted into the lower East side, and lived the life common to that locality. He was clever and when he wished to work, made money. Generally he preferred to loaf. And then he drank, that was his curse. But this was nothing against him in the eyes of those who lived there, as they all more or less did the same.

For the past week or so he had been sober. As a result he had put aside some money. Thus it was that to-night he was going to give Liz O'Connor and the kids a surprise. Liz O'Connor lived with her little sister and little brother in two rooms on the top floor of 31 Baxter Street. Since the day when her father had come home paralyzed by drink and had killed her mother and himself, she had supported herself and the kids. She differed from the other girls of the neighborhood in that she was naturally rather refined and retiring. She was tall, plain, and had a worn-out appearance. Toil and worry had made her twenty-two years look like thirty. Karl Stolzmann thought she was beautiful, and she was—to him.

Entering the doorway of number 31, Carl painfully and slowly bore his load up the long and dark flights of stairs, stumbling now and then over some prostrate form. Knocking at a well-known door, Liz admitted him into the little front room that was kitchen, dining-room and parlor, all in one.

"It's for the kids, Liz," he said, confusedly, in answer to the surprised and pleased look that flashed across her face.

"Oh, my, won't they be just too crazy," she cried.

Then two small voices yelled out in shouts of delight as Karl placed the tree in the middle of the room and began to

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decorate it. It was an hour before the last candle had been put on and the unopened packages grouped around the base. Then came the lighting, and soon the tree was a blaze of tiny lights.

While the kids danced in front of the tree, Karl and Liz stepped into the next room and watched them through the door.

"Oh, how beautiful it is—just like Heaven," she softly said.

Karl did not reply. He had something of importance on his mind—something he had been trying to tell Liz for a year.

"Liz," he said, half tremulously.

"Yes, Karl," and her eyes sparkled, and he thought she was almost as beautiful as the little china madonna that topped the tree.

"Liz," he continued, "I want to ask if—if—" His voice failed him here, and catching her in his arms he drew the thin, weak figure to his breast.

"I love you," he gasped out, while with his hand he stroked her plain, thin hair.

"Oh, Karl," she whispered, and in her blush he knew that she cared.

"Will you, some day—" He was interrupted by a scream from the next room. Looking in he beheld the tree a blaze of fire. The candles had ignited the dry branches. There was no window in the room looking out into the street—only one opening into an airshaft. To throw the tree down this would mean the destruction of the tenement.

With an oath, Karl grasped the blazing tree by the base, and tore through the door and down the stairs. Down, down, he stumbled, his clothes on fire, and the wonder of the excited faces that watched from the different floors. Finally a half-baked figure reeled through the front door and fell into the

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gutter. The tree still burned a little as did likewise the few remaining patches of clothing that covered the man's body. When the ambulance arrived, the young doctor shook his head and drove off, leaving man and tree surrounded by a curious and frightened crowd.

Upstairs, in the room, a black shadow on the ceiling marked the spot where a few minutes before the tree had stood. The kids were beating the drums and blowing the tin horns. In the next room, a panting creature had just sunk into a chair, after a weary journey from the street.

"Why doesn't Karl bring our tree back?" one of the kids exclaimed.

Only a lonely woman weeping out her heart in the adjoining room knew the reason why.

Frederick Pearce Delgado

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"Turn Thy Dark Eyes"

Oh, my beloved, turn thy dark eyes to mine
  Of gray;
Reflect, my love, O let it shine
  To-day.
Though mem'ry haunt me and I live
  A fore-existant echo of a sound,
I dare not trust a future life to give
  The happiness they promise, beyond bound.

George H. Danton

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An Anglo-Saxon Escape

From "The Cape-Town Brittisher."

"WELL," said W—n—st—n Ch—rch—ll, to a knot of breathless reporters, "had I been a Frenchman I would have tried the impossible, and attempted to resist; had I been a German, I would have given myself up right away a prisoner; but being an Anglo-Saxon, I kept my wits about me without sinking into the stolidity of Teutonic despair. I saw there was only one thing to do and I did it with that energy and unflinching steadiness which is so characteristic of us all. Flinging my Martini at the head of the nearest of the two Boers, as I now fling this one down my throat, I turned and fled for it. The river was in front of me, rushing along like a brigade of mad Ghurkas. Nothing daunted I plunged into the raging, swirling stream and struck out for the opposite shore. I had swam not more than a few feet when bullets began dropping round about. I heeded not. Why should I? I had read my Kipling from cover to cover. I knew I was the vehicle of destiny, being an Anglo-Saxon, *Nothing* could touch me.

I swam on. I had not gone very far when I heard the waters hissing behind me. That is always the sign of a crocodile. Looking over my shoulder, I beheld the horny back of the animal.

"My God!" I cried, and recited the whole of Rudyard's Recessional in my agony, that glorious hymn of Anglo-Saxondom.

The crocodile seemed discouraged.

I then repeated "The Absent-Minded Beggar." The huge Saurian appeared to grow sick and dived below the surface out of sight.

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I sighed a sigh of relief and swam on. I had by now reached the middle of the stream. My breath was coming in thick, short gasps. The water was dotted by falling bullets as if it were raining. There was a ringing in my ears and my muscles were aching with fatigue. My heart was a sledge-hammer on my ribs. My feet were mere automatons jerking backward and forward like galvanized frogs' legs. They had lost all sensation. I felt I could not struggle much further.

Suddenly on the opposite shore I beheld a band of grinning kafirs, death's head skulls, devil-spawn that reft my heart of all strength. They were brandishing their Bobosh knives in uncivilized joy. The flesh crept in ripples up and down my body, like the vapor of smokeless powder drifting in the air, or a prairie fire, when it creeps along the ground slowly. For these were canniba.s. I felt that my destiny was not the humble one of decking a cannibal board.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" kept running through my head like one of Rudyard's refrains. "*What shall I do?*"

Did I throw up my hands and sink forever from sight? That would have been a glorious but foolish death. A Frenchman would be capable of that. "No," said I to myself, "if you die now, what will become of the British Empire, left alone to struggle against the ferocious Bear and uncivilized Boer? What will become of the United States, left alone to defend the Monroe doctrine against the whole of continental Europe when you are dead? No," said I to myself, "you must sacrifice personal feelings to the demands of Anglo-Saxondom."

So I turned about and slowly swam for shore. I yielded myself prisoner with grim sternness. I think the two Boers were impressed by the dignity of my bearing. Nevertheless, although the manner of their treatment of me was in no way disagreeable, I must admit my misfortune weighed heavily on

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me and still does so. When you report me to the papers at home, I wish you would tell them I have not yet given up my hopes of saving the country. I am even now hurrying to the front. This time I will have my innings.

As for the story of my imprisonment! Why, that's coming out in book-form, you know. "The Passing of the Boer, 12mo., cloth, 12 shillings, 6 pence."

Anglophile

Epilogue

S you no doubt have discovered some time ago, dear Reader, another year has pirouetted itself off into eternity. Time, the rapacious old wolf, more eager than our most ardent Freshman subscriber, has with bloody fangs snatched away another dozen Morningsides into the lap of immortality. Indeed we are very much mistaken if you don't wake up some day next week to find yourself in Volume V., No. I., sighing useless sighs of regret for Volume IV., that has slipped away from you forever. We therefore take this, the first occasion to soften the bitterness of such a bereavement ere it fall upon your unheeding head. For, although we have no thought to make idle boast, we do assure you that the literature of the coming volume will be no less brilliant and scintillating than that of the preceding one. And if this assurance fail to assure; if you value it little or not at all; why then we do stand well-nigh defenceless before you. We can only plead to such a stern

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judge the honesty of our intentions; we can only say that whatever we have done and however poorly, we have wrought nothing without the fair fame of Columbia in our hearts; and for the present we do not intend to change that policy. Let this be our excuse to you, surely a good excuse, and not unworthy of your appreciation. Wherefore, one dollar, if you please, Sir!

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Columbia University in the City of New York

COLUMBIA University includes both a college and a university in the strict sense of the words. The college is Columbia College, founded in 1754 as King's College. The university consists of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science. Teachers College, a professional school for teachers, while financially an independent corporation, is also a part of the university. As a professional school it is conducted by its own Faculty. From the point of view of the university, its courses in education that lead to a degree fall under the Faculty of Philosophy.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Each school is under the charge of its own Faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science. For the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a university council has been established.

I. THE COLLEGE

The college offers a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (*f*) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and also to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are admitted as candidates for professional degrees on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned.

The Faculty of Teachers College conducts professional courses for teachers, that lead to the diploma of Teachers College.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a course of three years, in the principles and practice of private and public law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to the college diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, without extra charge.

SETH LOW, LL.D., *President*

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